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VOLUME VIII.--NUMBER 43.

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WHOLE NUMBER 407.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
A liberal deduction for each subsequent insertion.
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Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, &c., will, hereafter, be charged at the rate of 5 cents per line instead of 10 cents, as heretofore.

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In every particular, and our Job Printer is so thoroughly the best in the State.
Prices to suit the times.

WINTER WILL COME! IT NEVER FAILS.

Read and Profit Thereby.

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GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

Are the First to Pull Down Prices and the Last to Put Them up.

They Continue to Reduce Old Figures While Others Are Forced to Acknowledge an Advance.

Their Advantages in Buying Have Been Proven in Their Selling.

People all over the Country Will Testify that They Originated the Scale of Low Prices.

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THEY ARE STILL INCREASING THEIR STOCK & WILL, IN THE FUTURE, DOUBLE IT!

A One-Price Cash House is the Only Redemption for the People.

They Charge no Extra per cent. to Cover Expense and Lost Debts in Crediting.

This is an Item to Those Who Pay Cash and a Warning to Those Who Buy on Credit

THEIR CLOTHING--Latest Styles, Best Goods, Lowest Prices.

THEIR BOOTS AND SHOES--Largest Stock and None Cheaper in the World.

THEIR HATS AND CAPS--Immense and Splendid Stock; all New and Nobby.

THEIR GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS--Complete and Very Desirable.

Over 500 Samples of Foreign and Domestic Piece Goods from Devlin & Co., New York. They will take your Measure and Guarantee Perfect-Fitting Garments.

Advertisers are Numerous, but Honest Goods and Low Prices are Scarce. They Charge you Nothing to Examine, but Promise you Money if you Buy. Therefore Go Immediately to See

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.,

NORTH MAIN STREET.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

DOUBLE NUMBER

Our Christmas Gift.

In childhood's happy years when the annual visits of Santa Claus seemed an eternally apart, we could never believe our parents and other persons when they talked of the shortness of the years and the fleetness with which time passed. But we more than realize it now, for it seems but a short month ago since we were writing of Christmas before, and yet three hundred and sixty-five days are numbered with the past. This whirlwind has, of course, made some changes in many households, death has entered some, others have been torn by and parted, but taken as a county our death rate has been small, no epidemic has visited us, our crops were good, business has revived, and this merry Christmas of 1879 finds us with many causes of thankfulness. Then in our gratitude for these good gifts let us lay aside care and devote this week in trying to be happy and in making those around us happy. Presents from kind friends will be the order of the day, so we have prepared this DOUBLE ISSUE of SIXTY-FOUR PAGES which we present to our readers—to the dear paid subscriber and to the delinquent sinner as well, hoping that they will appreciate the trouble and expense which its publication entailed, and cause the latter to call, pay past dues and lay the money in our hands for another year. And now with a "Merry Christmas and a happy new year" to each reader of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and with heartfelt thanks to those watchful and untiring correspondents who have borne the burden and the heat of the day with us, we leave you to the personal of this big sheet, and to the full enjoyment of the festive occasion.

Of course Arnold will never suffer the penalty of the cowardly murder of Little. Even if by the verdict of a jury should convict him, there is the Court of Appeals to get aside the verdict, or Blackburn ever ready with his little pardon. This is an alarming state of affairs. No one is safe but the cold-blooded murderer. He can pursue his devilish calling free from hurt or punishment, backed almost by the executive and the highest court in the State. Our laws are a dead letter. The murderer's pistol and bowie knife are all secure, and murder, rapine and robbery the order of the day. If this state of affairs continue nothing will be left but for the people to matters in their own hands.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that there is a good deal of comment and quiet figure work here as to the probable status of the Senate in 1881. If New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana elect Republican Senators and General Mahone goes to the Republican or Grant party, as he calls it, the Senate will be Republican by two majorities. If he remains on the fence it will be a tie, and the Vice-President's vote will decide all political and other important questions.

The Hopkinsville *Even Era*, whose talented editor is a native of the Old Dominion, hopes that the report that Gen. Mahone, the new U. S. Senator, will not act with the Republicans in Congress, and adds that he has brought upon Virginia the deepest disgrace ever put upon her. The Democratic party cannot afford to be encumbered with such cattle.

AUDITOR D. HOWARD SMITH announces that he is again prepared to nullify claims against the State, and will do so as fast as his limited clerical force will admit. It is pleasing to know that Kentucky can resume the payment of her debts after six months' intermission.

The Sunday *Argus* of Louisville came out double its usual size last Sunday, and was replete with good things from the pens of numerous writers of distinction. The *Argus* is one of the features of Louisville, and no one is prouder of its great success than we.

The State is threatening war in Maine over the recent action of the Returning Board in counting a Democratic House. We hope they will try it. Nothing would be easier than for the Democracy to wipe them out on an issue of that kind.

Edison's electric light is now said to be a wonderful success, and he is confident that he can produce it at half the cost of gas. The daily papers teem with accounts of it and figure up the results of the discovery as the greatest of the age.

TALMADE says cremation is altogether wrong. We suppose he thinks the burning the average man will get in the other world is amply sufficient for all practical purposes.

The thing was out and dried at Philadelphia. Grant is to be the Republican nominee for President, will be made so on the first ballot.

Doubt and Their Father.

The Great fever, like all diseases of the individual marked by nervous

ed heat, acceleration of the pulse and general derangement of the functions, has run its course. The unnatural excitement of the body pellicle has practically abated, the peeling off process, the exfoliation as to speak, has set in, and the soundest advice that can be given to prevent a recurrence of the disease is to thoroughly disinfect, and turn the dead skin as well as a rag under the nose of the people. We have but small faith, however, that the advice will be heeded. Fools and their money soon part in an old maxim, but fools and their folly never part in a better one. In many respects the American people are American asses. They are foolish, and worse than this, overgrown in stupidity. If they can't worship after the idolatrous fashion they had rather be blotted out of political existence, and this, at least, is but the true philosophy of the adulation poured on to Grant until, doubtless, his stomach has become gorged with it. Weak folks get it into their heads that he is a strong man, a sort of God, and that worship toward his throne is a consequent privilege and duty. For this reason we conjecture that an effort to establish the Empire would be met with no serious opposition except by a few. The futilities, and they seem to be in the majority, would readily give in. They fall down before Grant because he is the strong man. They would yield allegiance to the Empire, because it would be a strong government. Such servility has always been a human weakness, historically proven. The point of fact, have we not had an Empire since the 14th amendment? Not one in name, but what else? Wanting? Futilities would sniff their noses and raise their bristles on being told they favored an Empire, but they have not only established, but strenuously maintained, all the characteristic features since the 20th of July, 1868, when the effort to make a citizenship of the United States in contemplation to a citizenship of the States respectively, was finally completed. By popular consent we have lazily, cringing, cowardly, perpetually ignorant, drifted along in the current of flimsy teaching, embracing, adopting their thoughts, ideas and even expressions. Democratic speakers and newspapers fanatically talk of the NATION, as if a fool couldn't see that if we have a nation we have no Federal Government. The Nation is the Empire. The Federal Government is the Republic.

Tue Milwaukee *Sentinel* says that Hon. P. B. Thompson, Jr., has made wise and timely utterances to the effect that the Government is not in any way bound to pay what are known as the rebel war claims now before Congress. Thompson is Chairman of the Committee of the House appointed to classify all pending claims.

HON. E. POLK JOHNSON of the Bowling Green *Intelligencer* will be elected by a rising vote of the House to the clerkship he desires, there being none who are willing to try their mettle with him on the race. We are glad of this as there is not a more deserving Democrat nor a more capable man for the position in the broad Commonwealth.

TO THOSE "good boys," as Stanton of the *Yonkers* calls them, E. G. L. and E. P. J. of the *Intelligencer*, we would say that we had no idea that any one, not even the "Granny" himself would take our squib for anything but a very thin gawk. It was so intended most emphatically.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Conductor Napier, an account of whose accident was given last week, died at Bowling Green on Monday.

Col. T. Z. Morrow is spoken of as the candidate of the State for the Circuit Judgeship in this District.

—There will be no free excursion over the Cincinnati Southern but rates will be fixed low on the first regular train.

—The steamer *Bonnie*, on her way from Liverpool to New Orleans, sunk, and over 100 of her passengers went down with her.

—Wm. McKee, senior proprietor of the St. Louis *Olds-Democrat*, died suddenly at his home on the night of the 19th, of heart disease.

—Collector A. M. Swope, of the 7th District, has received and paid over \$301,735 of revenue for the fiscal year. He is a model officer.

—Louisville has completed her Cotton Compress at a cost of \$50,000. It will press 600 bales a day, and the warehouse has a capacity of 25,000 bales.

—The complete returns from Louisiana show a Democratic majority of 20,731, and an overwhelming majority in favor of the new Constitution, reaching 55,072.

—A bill was introduced in the Virginia Senate to incorporate the Richmond and Southwestern Railway Company, to extend from a point on the Southern boundary line of Kentucky, through the city of Richmond, to Tidewater in the State of Virginia.

It is said the incorporators propose to expend \$50,000,000 in the construction of the road and the development of the mineral and other resources of the Southern portion of Virginia.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

—*Engelmann's Mill*.—Miss Carrie Harlan has been quite sick several days with fever.

—Mr. Sam. Miller, Jr., has rented his blacksmith shop for the ensuing year to Tom Cecil, Jr., for \$300 cash.

—Farmers are getting a little uneasy about their corn spoiling in the crib. They say that corn being damp when cribbed the continued wet weather will cause it to mold.

—The little folks made as much fuss as the coming of Santa Claus as the boys did over their savior, Christ.

—Some of our school boys are regretting very much that leap year has come at last. They don't want to be annoyed by the fair sex.

—There is a young gentleman in this neighborhood, that is dangerously ill with Missouri fever. Unless a change takes place he can't live long.

—Several young ladies are expected to spend the holidays in this vicinity. We will not mention any names before they come, for fear they might decline the idea of coming.

—We are having an abundance of rain. The whole face of the earth is one vast sheet of water. Hanging Fork has been in a high for more than a week. Mud is shoe mud deep, and still a rising.

—We are told that Mr. Tucker Adams and family will move near Hustonville, the 1st of January next, to the farm lately purchased by Mr. Green Bright. We regret to give them up, but what is our loss will be Hustonville's gain. We can commend them to the citizens of Hustonville and vicinity.

CASEY COUNTY.

Middleburg.

—Santa Claus is expected to pass through here.

—Rev. R. H. Hornsline school will close in a day.

—Rev. Mr. Thompson preached Sunday morning and night, at the M. E. Church. The Baptist Church is still without a pastor.

—Mr. R. N. Portman and family are making preparations for moving to Texas. They will start about the 10th of January this vicinity Wednesday night, starting his gifts with a free and liberal hand.

—MARRIED—On 21st inst., by Rev. Robert Elder, Mr. Stephen Goodman to Miss Mary E. Eades. On the 24th inst., by Rev. J. L. Weeks, Mr. William Stephenson, of Crab Orchard, to Miss Martha H. Lucas, of Middleburg.

—Prof. W. A. Williamson's 2d class in Penmanship and Book-keeping, closed last Friday evening. Notwithstanding the rain, at an early hour the Masonic Hall was crowded with spectators. We were very pleasantly entertained by an interesting Penmanship and Book-keeping by Prof. Williamson and the Middleburg String Band. His system is simple and easy of comprehension. The students made rapid progress and are anxious to enter upon the third term, which will commence January 5th, 1880.

—PERSONAL—Mr. James Carson, late Surveyor of Casey county, is a sick with pneumonia, not likely to recover. Mr. J. K. Deeter is living low with remittent fever. Mr. Jacob Dora is sick with cholera. Mr. C. C. D. of Indiana, is visiting relatives in Middleburg. Mr. C. J. Jasper, of Jacksonville, Ill., is visiting his parents here. Miss Annie Fink, of Lebanon, is again visiting her cousins, the Misses Myers. Mr. Higginsbotham and wife are visiting relatives here. Mr. C. I. Holmes and wife have come on visit to Madison. Mr. W. T. Royalty is visiting relatives at Bowling Green, Ky. Mr. C. P. Jones is visiting friends and relatives at Glasgow, Ky. Misses Bettie Royalty and Mattie McAninch have returned home after a week's visit to Danville, Ky.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Lancaster.

Of persons we might look up a score. So many are moving hither and thither to spend Christmas, college boys and school girls coming home, &c., &c.

—On next Sunday the dedication of the new Presbyterian Church will take place. The Rev. J. Lapsley McKee and other divines officiating. The building is a handsome specimen of pure Gothic architecture. Outside it is attractive, compact and well-proportioned. The spire is the main point of triumphal skill. The bell is sweet and resonant. Within the vestibule a stairway leads to the organ loft. The cushions and carpet of the interior are crimson, the pews of tastefully-grained ash, the walls white, the vaulted roof white and blue. Gothic chairs stand behind the reading desk. The large chandelier depends from the center of the ceiling and double bracket lamps light the walls. There are two furnaces which heat both church and basement. Two organs serve for church and Sunday school respectively. The basement is light and comfortable.

—MARRIED—On Thursday evening Dec. 18, at the residence of Mr. Russell Harris, on Sugar Creek, Miss Lettie Harris to Mr. Simon Anderson, only son of Mr. Thos. Anderson, of this community. Elder Gibson officiated. On Friday evening the youthful bridegroom, an only child, celebrated his twentieth birthday in an elegant reception at his father's home. Four generations of the family were present, beginning with the venerable Mr. and Mrs. Allan Herndon, and including the sturdy little boys of Mrs. Annie Anderson. Young. The apartments of the hospitable house were the trailing evergreen symbols of matrimony, while in the wide space over the parlor mantle were the significant words: "Our Daughter" in large letters. Not a son given but a daughter gained. The bride wore a handsome silk, and the guests were all in wedding garments. The supper was profuse and elegant in all its appointments.

—Messrs. Bradley and Dunlap, Sr., of this place have been employed at Richmond in the case of the Commonwealth vs. James H. Arnold for the killing of Robert E. Little on Friday last. In addition to the following learned counsel have been employed, viz: Messrs. P. H. Thompson, Jr., J. B. Houston, W. C. P. Breck, Jr., C. A. A. R. Burns and Geo. McCrory. After consultation at Richmond on Tuesday it was decided to defer the preliminary trial till some night, so the popular mind into a more unbiased state of feeling. But being certainly untenable Arnold was committed to cell, and his wife who has been constantly present was separated from him. He has no elegant dry goods house in Richmond, his seven clerks finding it difficult to serve the continual rush of customers. In a brief moment he has hurried all that is dear, and most, through many weary days, await the consequences.

—Statements are crowding upon us as Santa Claus flings his bells. How he goes here without any snow is a matter of great speculation among the little folks. Perhaps the "spirit of the bell" may yet yield to the "spirit of the fall" if the present strong wind be washed out by the rain. The young people have a Literary Club which has deserved mention long ago, only not being in the church record. I failed to find out the presiding officers. Mrs. Grady's concert at Franklin Institute are favorably discussed by our *Argus*, our village paper. On Tuesday night the

ladies of the Baptist Church gave a supper at the hall, the proceeds to infuse their pastor's pockets. The congregation being rather small the salary business fell heavily on the few who contribute. On Wednesday night the Presbyterian congregation had a Christmas tree and supper at the hall. All children were invited to come, and the citizens generally asked to place gifts on the tree, which was in charge of Mrs. Albright.

—Christmas gift to the noble staff that compose the *Interior Journal's* literary force. I devoted my last week, but perhaps I was intimidated—at least to join the clan after shaking hands with our "American Cousin," Ulises! Really, it was not so bad after all, from a personal standpoint—I mean the big ball, the dragged flags, the dripping festoons, the splashing streets, the military parade, the grand music, the general air of excitement that pervaded the Falls City. It was not so bad, I repeat, to a "home town female" from the country. How pleasant the greeting of distinguished friends, the getting on one's Sunday attire, the lights, the sounds, the fragrance of exotics, the glamour of the blue monde. What matter who the "conquering hero" that set the people crazy, so long as a few non-political citizens drank deep draughts of pleasure? Whether the "greatest leader since the Corsican" or the "spiked heel ruffian"? So if my exceedingly late compatriots are still pining over my defection let them smile while as they think what a very good time I had of my week's holiday. Mr. Grant looked as solid and unapproachable in the midst of the dress parade as a lone rock in the sea. His great coat never seemed a beauty in fact, "sharply edged," but her manners are agreeable and conciliating. Col. Fred Grant and wife are attractive and deservedly popular. So much for what has already been so thoroughly ventilated.

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BOYLE COUNTY.

Danville.

—About 7,000 turkeys have been killed in Danville this Fall and Winter.

—The Christian Church Sunday School children will be entertained at the Church on Wednesday evening.

—Deeds to the land for the machine shops have now been made, and work will begin at an early date.

—The demand for change in the lower end of the county has brought out quite a supply of counterfeit half dollars.

—Misses Nevill and Wilson's select school will have a Christmas tree at the school-room on Wednesday, sometime.

—DIED—In the 19th year of her age, of Consumption, Miss Carrie D. Mackney, daughter of John M. Mackney, of this city.

—The house and lot on Main Street, formerly owned by Miss Mary Smith, died, was sold on Tuesday, to Mrs. L. T. Withrow, for \$250.

—Trinity Church has been beautifully decorated for regular Christmas services. The Sunday-school children will be entertained at Mr. Benton's residence.

—Dennis, Broughtman and A. G. and C. R. Reiner, brought damage suits in "Spire" Anderson's Court against the Southern Railroad for killing stock. Verdict for defendant in both cases.

—Rev. John S. Hays, D. D., a professor in the Theological Seminary, will visit Miss Carrie Ritchie, at her home in St. Louis, on Christmas day. He is expected to come directly home with his bride.

—There is no more snow on gray hair or on life. Will you and some kind guide for her sake? —Our stores are filled with toys, women and children, and it takes us back to the time when we read the line in the Fourth Reader: "What is that mother?" And hear her reply, "the dove, my child." But where are the ecstasies in the boom of the resonant teacher? "They have skipped, they have skipped, they have traveled, they have gone."

—In the minds of the Jury in the Samuel case, there was too much "circumstantial variety" to allow an agreement. The case is now against Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Samuels for cruelly beating and cowardly little fondling who had been bound to the wall. The Jury stood, 4 for nothing or small amounts, and the remainder ranging upward to \$5,000. There are two men of the four, who ought to be no one more just and then resign and start a tenyard.

—One said he was for whatever Durham (Attorney for defendant) said—the other would let any boy whip him with a cowhide if they would pay him enough.

—PERSONAL—Rev. Thos. M. Vaughan, pastor of the Baptist Church in this city, is quite ill with inflammatory Rheumatism.

—Breck Jones and Lyne Metcalfe, of St. Louis, are in Danville for the holidays. They came to rest (7). There is no telling what a St. Louis yoke man will come to.

—Logan McKee has withdrawn from the Tribune as associate editor. Major Wm. County, of Pettus county, Missouri, has been visiting his brother, Mr. Teuben County, in this county. As a delegate from Missouri, he has been attending the National Agricultural Congress at New York.

—Montgomery Shuffert, McIntire's obliging clerk, has been quick at his home in Shelby City. Miss Frankie Rogers, of Columbus, Mo., is visiting Misses Georgia and Willie Bowman.

—Miss Mary Walters, of Shelby county, is at Mrs. Hargett's.

PULASKI COUNTY.

Summers.

—Christmas gifts to the *Interior Journal's* literary force. I devoted my last week, but perhaps I was intimidated—at least to join the clan after shaking hands with our "American Cousin," Ulises! Really, it was not so bad after all, from a personal standpoint—I mean the big ball, the dragged flags, the dripping festoons, the splashing streets, the military parade, the grand music, the general air of excitement that pervaded the Falls City. It was not so bad, I repeat, to a "home town female" from the country. How pleasant the greeting of distinguished friends, the getting on one's Sunday attire, the lights, the sounds, the fragrance of exotics, the glamour of the blue monde. What matter who the "conquering hero" that set the people crazy, so long as a few non-political citizens drank deep draughts of pleasure? Whether the "greatest leader since the Corsican" or the "spiked heel ruffian"? So if my exceedingly late compatriots are still pining over my defection let them smile while as they think what a very good time I had of my week's holiday. Mr. Grant looked as solid and unapproachable in the midst of the dress parade as a lone rock in the sea. His great coat never seemed a beauty in fact, "sharply edged," but her manners are agreeable and conciliating. Col. Fred Grant and wife are attractive and deservedly popular. So much for what has already been so thoroughly ventilated.

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M'ALISTER & LYTLE,

—DEALERS IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,
Furnishing Goods,
Carpets, Trunks,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.**

DRESS GOODS.

We have an immense stock for you to select from in Black and Colored All-Wool Cashmere, Alpaca, Australian Cape, Broadened Poplin, Momic Cloth, French Novelty, Cotton Poplin, Gingham, &c. Also a fine line of Dress Trimmings in Velvet, Satin, Pekin, Colored and Black Silk, Ribbons, Fringes, Buttons, &c.

DOMESTICS.

We call especial attention to our stock of Bleached and Brown Cotton, Sheet, Bed-Ticking and Prints. As it is a well established fact that these goods will be higher later in the season, you should lose no time in buying.

LACE CURTAINS.

Having bought our stock of Lace Curtains in advance of the season, we are therefore enabled to offer them at old prices, which are 20 per cent. less than the market value will be later in the season. A new stock of Fringed Window Shades, Gilt-Band Shades and Holland in popular colors.

CARPETS & OIL CLOTH.

These goods are entirely new. This being a new departure, we have made a great effort to place before our customers a large and varied line at lowest prices.

BOOTS & SHOES.

For Men, Women and Children. Only one trial necessary to convince you of their real value. Every pair warranted.

Call and see our stock before you buy. Very Respectfully,

McALISTER & LYTLE.

A Happy New Year

TO ONE AND ALL.

Thanking the People in general for their liberal patronage for what time we've been with them, we will say that they will find us at our old Stand always ready and willing to wait on them, with a Full and Complete Line of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

ALSO, SADDLERY & HARNESS.

We also handle Fresh Meats in their season. Fish and Oysters received daily.

Give us a call. Produce of every kind taken in exchange for Goods at the highest prices, as we only want to make one profit.

Respectfully,

HARRIS & NUNNELLEY.

OUR EIGHT-PAGE HOLIDAY NUMBER.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 26, 1879.

LINCOLN'S COURT-HOUSE.

An Interesting History of It, and Other old-time Notes worth a Careful Perusal.

BY JOHN BLAIR.

Editor Interior Journal:

At the risk of being ridiculed for "howling on the back track" I propose to give the readers of your Christmas paper a faint picture of old times in Lincoln county, made up of gleanings from the records of the County Clerk's office. Not being an accomplished artist and having rather a dry subject to practice on at present, I cannot promise a very brilliant or very pleasing picture, but I do claim for it the merit of truthfulness. It being derived from records made by virtuous men sitting under their solemn oaths a long time ago—undisturbed before lying came in fashion.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY SEAT.

The first Court held for Lincoln county, at Harrodsburg, on the 16th and 17th days of January, 1781, and was composed of five Justices of the Peace, namely: Benjamin Logan, John Logan, Hugh McClary, Stephen Trigg and Wm. McElrath. At that term the Court, after organizing its members administering to each other the oath of office, and choosing William May as its Clerk, proceeded to business, which consisted mainly of qualifying a Sheriff, a Surveyor and his numerous deputies, some few additional Justices, appointing a number of Constables, administering the oath of allegiance and the oath of office to several militia officers and recommending quite a number of civil and military gentlemen to the Governor of Virginia for appointment to militia offices. The last order of the term is in these words:

"The Court doth appoint this to be the place of holding the next Court at, and agree that they will then proceed to fix upon a place for building Courts, and the absent members to be served with a copy of this order."

On the 20th of February, 1781, the Court re-assembled and continued in session two days, making the customary County Court orders, such as granting letters of administration, probating wills, appointing administrators, &c., &c., varying the moonlight, however, by sentencing one Patrick Try for some rascality which is not specified, "to receive ten lashes on his bare back." Just before adjournment, the following order was entered:

"Benjamin Logan came into Court and offered Ten Acres of Land including the Buffalo Spring for building a Court House and other necessary public buildings, and also Fifty Acres at one mile distant nearly South-East from said Spring, as long as the Court of said county shall continue there, and as it appears to the Court to be the most convenient place, it is ordered that the Court be held there for the future."

"Ordered that the Court be adjourned from Harrodsburg to St. Asaph, to be held there the next Court in course."

The next term was held—presumably at St. Asaph, wherever that was—on the 11th and 18th of April, 1781, at which, among others, this order was made:

"John Logan and William Montgomery are appointed to contract with any persons who will undertake the building of a Court House and prison at the Buffalo Spring, at St. Asaph."

I have taken the trouble to quote these orders for the purpose of throwing some light upon the oft-mooted question, "Where is, or was, St. Asaph?" There is no question as to the locality of the Buffalo Spring. That is admitted by all to be the spring which issues from the foot of the hill on which the Stanford Cemetery is situated on its North-side, just at the branch. That branch which is the same which passes through the town limits from East to West, commonly called now the "Town Branch," is, according to the record, "St. Asaph Branch." But where is the place called St. Asaph, and what is it, or was it? The expression, "at the Buffalo Spring at St. Asaph," seems to me to indicate that there was a little village or a small assemblage of habitations about the Buffalo Spring which had taken the name of St. Asaph. Precisely where it was does not appear from any record I can find. Logan's Fort, on the site of which Mrs. E. T. Rochester's dwelling now stands, is quite near to the Spring, but if the Court had adjourned to Logan's Fort the order would doubtless have been so written instead of St. Asaph. It seems more reasonable from the evidence we have that the group of houses in the vicinity of the Spring, including the Fort, were known as St. Asaph. As to how the name originated, I am unable to reveal. If there be any who desire further particulars, I would refer them to Capt. Tom Richards of St. Asaph Hotel, who being an early settler, was doubtless well acquainted with the original St. Asaph himself, and perhaps, related to him.

So it appears that the seat of justice was removed in 1781, from Harrodsburg to St. Asaph, and that a Court House and prison were there erected, and that the Court continued to be held there until April 17th, 1787, when a removal to Stanford, took place. The record shows that not only the Court, but the Court-house and "Goal" were removed to Stanford. Though no description is given of the buildings, the inference from the fact that they were removed from the site of the old place to the new, is that they were constructed of logs, and this inference is strengthened by the recollection that logs were peculiarly handy at that early day—being rather a wooden age, and this being preeminently a wooden country. It is proper to mention in this connection that in March 1780,

about one year before the removal of the Court-house, Benjamin Logan deeded to the Court, 26 acres of land on St. Asaph Branch, the boundary of which is explicitly given in the deed, and which is the same on which the greater portion of the town now stands.

As far as the record indicates, our granddaddy remained satisfied with their log Court-house until the year 1803, when they decided to have one of more aristocratic pretensions; and accordingly a plan and specifications for a brick house were agreed upon, and the contracts made for its erection. This occurred at the October term, 1803. The plan and specifications (which are well drawn so far as clearness is concerned, though not so artistically as those of H. P. McDonald,) are on file in the Clerk's office, together with the contracts with the builders, James Ely and Joseph P. Lewis. The house was to be 38 feet from East to West, and 20 feet from North to South, and two stories high. The first floor was to be partly laid with brick—22 feet of it at the East-end—the rest with plank. There was to be but one room on the first floor and four on the second. Of the latter, 3 were for Jury rooms and the 4th for the Clerk's office. James Ely undertook the carpenter's work at the price of \$228-17-6d, or \$1,000; and Lewis took the contract for the brick work at \$300, or \$1,018. Whether or not these "undertakers," as they were called, were to furnish the material, such as brick, lumber, &c., does not appear.

This house seems to have given satisfaction for about 30 years, when the question of danger to the population from its undisciplined dilapidation was agitated in Court, which resulted in a determination in the year 1832, to erect a new one, and a Committee, consisting of Thos. Helm, John H. Camden, Michael Davidson, John McElrath and William Shanks, was appointed to devise a plan for the proposed building, and to let out its erection to the lowest bidder, &c. From some cause this project "burnt fire" so that the plan for the house was not reported and agreed upon until the February term, 1834, at which time it was decided to build a house 55 feet long 30 feet wide. This being the Court-house as it now is, except the additions and modifications made a few years ago. A further description of it here would be rather uninteresting for Christmas reading—so it is omitted. The house was completed and received by the Court in the year 1835; and this finishes the chapter on the County Seat.

THE SQUIRE.

It must be understood that there were many other Justices in the county in the early times referred to, besides those whose names have been mentioned, new ones having been appointed from time to time by the Governor of Virginia, upon the recommendation of the Court. Among these may be mentioned, John Bowman, John Cowan, John Kennedy, Wm. Craig, Abraham Bowman, Isaac Shelby (afterwards Governor of Kentucky), John Snoddy, Christopher Irvine, William Montgomery, Hugh Logan, Alexander Blain, James Davis, Walker Taylor, and others. Whether there were any Scalliwags among them we can't see at this distance; but judging from the tracks they left on the record, and taking into consideration the embarrassments, difficulties and perils of their situation, we are bound to conclude that some of them, at least, were not only level-headed and clear-headed men, but men of the noblest impulses, and the most unflinching courage and determination. I do not feel authorized nor disposed to draw any invidious distinction between these old patriots, but in my hasty examination of the records, I could not overlook some striking proof of the spiritedness, patriotism and generosity of Colonel Benjamin Logan. In 1781, having been commissioned by the Governor, a Colonel of Militia, he came into Court and reduced to quality, as being his reason "that he was entitled to a higher rank." No doubt he was. Again, in 1784, as has been stated, he deeded to the public the 26 acres of land on which Stanford was built, having previously given 10 acres at the Harrodsburg for public purposes. Afterwards, in 1803, he, with others subscribed liberally of his own private funds to pay for the new Court-house then built. But the strongest testimony in proof of his bravery and patriotism, is couched in the following order of Court which was entered at its July term, 1786:

"Satisfactory proof being made to the Court that Col. Benjamin Logan and Jas. Harrods were employed twenty days with each of them a horse to ride and one pack horse in transporting a quantity of lead from the long Island of Holston to the Kentucky Country for its defence in the year 1770, it is the opinion of the Court that the said Benjamin and James be allowed Twenty two pounds for their said services."

I endorse "the opinion of the Court." Seventy-three dollars was little enough for that job under the ticklish circumstances attending its performance.

DANIEL BOONE.

The records show that Daniel Boone, the venerable bear-killer himself, honored our County Court more than once with his presence. The first time was in August, 1783, when the following order was made in his favor:

"Thomas Allen and Samuel Grant the persons appointed to examine Daniel Boone having reported that he is able and qualified to execute the office of Deputy Surveyor of this County the said Boone had the oath of office administered to him."

The next notice I see of Daniel Boone appears as a plaintiff in a suit against one Thomas Janison for 5 pounds, 5 shillings and 8 pence. Daniel "beat" him.

TOMATOES A LEGAL TENDER.

In the good old times of which I am discoursing the staple production of the "Kentucky Country" was tobacco. Every body raised it and every body "chawed" it—indeed it was so popular a commodity that it was substituted for money. It may be that the scarcity of pounds, shillings and pence had something to do with the

adoption of this rather cumbersome currency—the records don't tell about that—but they do proclaim that the officers' salaries and the claims of all others against the county were reckoned and paid in tobacco. At a Court held in Nov. 1781, for the purpose of "laying the County Levy" the indebtedness of the County being summed up, was ascertained to be 25,250 pounds of tobacco, of which 1250 pounds was to pay the salary of the Commonwealth's Attorney and 1648 pounds to pay that of Willis Green, Clerk of the Court, and 2450 pounds was to pay different persons for "wolves' heads"—the rate being 400 pounds for an old wolf's and 50 lbs. for a young one's. The levy imposed to meet these liabilities was 12 pounds of tobacco per tithe or poll, as we call it. By the way, what would our capitalists, who whine so much about the burdensomeness of the silver dollar, have to say about tobacco in bulk as a legal tender. Wouldn't they more to demoralize it?

There were no Hotels nor even Taverns in the times I am writing about. Such establishments were called "ordinaries," and were licensed by the Court as they are now, and their rates of charges were prescribed for them as they still are. Ordinaries would not be an inappropriate designation for some of the Hotels of the present day, would it? As a matter of history, and as a sample of the plain speaking of our ancestors, I here copy the "Ordinary" rates as prescribed by the Court in 1781:

Wine for quart	0 8 0
West India Rum per gal	1 4 0
Whiskey full proof per gal	0 92 0
Common Whiskey per gal	0 10 0
For a warm dinner	0 1 0
For a cold dinner	0 1 0
For a night's lodging on a featherbed with sheets	0 1 0
For a night's lodging in a chamber with clean sheets	0 2 0
Room today per night	0 2 0

The price of a night's lodging with dirty sheets not being given, my guess is, that dirty beds were "again the law" in the good old days of wolves, lullabies and tobacco currency.

THE TOWN OF STANFORD.

The precise date of the incorporation of this venerable city I could not ascertain, the volumes of the Acts of Assembly containing it not being in the office library. It may have been about the year 1780, however, as in that year the Court decided to remove the Court House to the "town of Stanford," which is the first instance of such a town being mentioned in the records. But the first mention of Trustees of the town occurs in a deed dated in 1798 from Isaac Shelby, John Logan and Hugh Logan, Justices of the Peace, to the Trustees, conveying to them the 26 acres which, as the deed recites, had been covered to them (the Justices,) by Beoy Logan, "for the purpose of erecting and establishing a town thereon."

On the 1st of March, 1803, a plat of the Town of Stanford "was received into the Clerk's office and admitted to record," so says the Clerk. The document is simply a plat or diagram of the town, showing the position and form of the many lots and their respective numbers, and the location of the streets, without any written description of boundaries, &c. After that the town lots were sold and conveyed from time to time to citizens by the Trustees, the first two conveyances of that sort being one to Jacob Swope, and one to Jno. and Thos. Welch, which are dated August 19, 1801. These deeds are signed by George Davidson, John T. Bell, Thomas Montgomery, John McElrath, Geo. McElrath and David Logan, as Trustees of Stanford. Whether they were the original incorporators of the town I was unable to ascertain, for the reason already mentioned. Why no deeds were made by the Trustees for lots until the year 1811—14 years after they obtained their title—I can not explain from the record.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am tired, and I know you think I am tiresome, as well, I begin to doubt if I have a genius for history any how. At all events, this, my first effort (and it shall be the last,) in that role has worn me out. If the Gibbon and Rollins had as hard a time with their histories as I've had with my first chapter, they have my heartfelt sympathy. I am done.

Christmas, 1879.

A Query from a Republican Source.

How is that Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal, who three years ago denounced General Grant and his Cabinet as "thieves, rogues and scoundrels and a conclave of traitors plotting treason against our common country," would have, on the 10th, that "chief of traitors" General Grant take supper at his house and be the guest of his family's hospitality? Thus introducing into the bosom of the Trustees for lots until the year 1811—14 years after they obtained their title—I can not explain from the record.

The year 1850 has been indicated as the proper time to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the publication of Wyckliffe's translation of the Bible. That year the New Testament was published, although the complete Bible did not appear until a somewhat later date. Wyckliffe's translation was the first copy of the entire Bible that appeared in the English language.

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and it created a great disturbance.

Prettier than a picture—the original of it—some times.

STANFORD MERCHANTS.

A Mention of Those Who are Not Ashamed of What They Have to Sell.

Woolley & Higgins.

This firm is composed of J. T. Harris and Anderson T. Nunnelley, and has been doing business here for about a year. They deal in nearly everything in the grocery and provision line, and will buy or barter anything from a pound of old bones to the finest or fattest steer or mule. They also keep a stock of saddlery and a repairing shop is connected with the establishment. They are fully up to the times, and are honest and fair dealers.

Measures. Asher Woolley and W. H. Higgins compose this firm, which is in all respects a most reliable and liberal one. Mr. Woolley has been in the grocery and hardware business for ten years, and is thoroughly conversant with the wants of the trade, and while Mr. Higgins has not had so long an experience he has made good use of his time, which, combined with his popularity, makes him a valuable partner. Their stock includes nearly everything in the grocery, hardware, provisions, tobacco and farming implement line, all of which is marked down to the lowest possible margin.

McAlister & Lytle. Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Carpets, &c., have an unusually varied and handsome stock. The firm is composed of Joseph McAlister and Robt. S. Lytle. The greater part of the management of the store devolves on Mr. Lytle, whose long experience in this line of goods has given him a peculiar fitness for it. Besides Mr. Lytle whose smiling countenance is ever ready to greet a patron, there are two assistants, Messrs. E. P. Overley and Wm. Bright, who are as polite as dancing masters, and as clever as they are polite. We recommend the firm of McAlister & Lytle with a great deal of pleasure.

Geo. D. Wearen. An example of what enterprise and determination will do, is ably illustrated in the case of this gentleman. When he was fourteen years old he suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever, which left him a cripple, and rendered him unable to prosecute the more vigorous callings of life, and in his 16th year he procured a situation as Deputy in the County Clerk's office. He retained this office for several years, and then took a notion to run for Circuit Clerk, and besides getting defeated by a 100 votes he got away with all his savings from his salary, but it was the best thing that could have happened for him. He then clerked a while for \$10 per month, and on November 30, 1850, he opened a little grocery store in the little brick now occupied by Mr. Alfred, having but \$125 of his own and a small amount borrowed from a friend. By close application to business he was soon able to return the borrowed money, and after three years he purchased the building, a portion of which is now occupied by his brother as an undertaker. There he carried on his business till 1875, when, by his steady accumulations, he was able to buy the lot on the corner of Main and Depot streets. On this lot he erected a large brick building with three store rooms on Main street, two of which he now occupies with his mammoth stock of groceries, provisions, hardware—but see his advertisement for further particulars. Starting out a poor boy and a cripple at that, he has worked himself to an honored position in the mercantile world, and his name is a household word for miles around. He is liberal in his dealings, believes in printer's ink, and has made himself an honor to the town.

John Randolph, the great Virginia Statesman, permitted his mind likely against his best judgment, to yield to the infidelity common with many of Virginia's great men of his time. On his death bed he asked his attendant to hand him a dictionary. He had just strength enough to turn over the pages, with his long skeleton finger he pointed to the word TEMORRE as he handed back the book, turned his face to the wall and soon passed away to render an account of the talents entrusted to his use and keeping.

A SINEW DANCE.—"Dat culled plesent to the jury, him's de man I object to," said a negro when put on trial in the Marion (S. C.) court the other day. The black good man and true was unseated and the prisoner given acquittal. After his release the juryman was asked what he had against the juryman of his own color. "Nuffin at all," said he, "but you see, I knowed if I flattered the juristice ob de oder juryman, dat I got off an' golly I did."

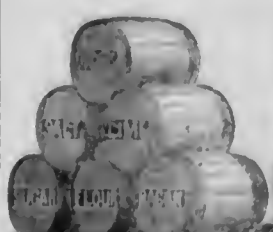
We have the girl of the. If you would—her call early; she has no ill. Editors should not approach with a—, as she might look off at a fellow, or make him see; but, as a real visit, may excite jealousy, we enjoy great caution. Use your \$6 freely, and make the 77 pointed, heed not her 11; but get a decisive answer. She may say, "put him on the—ler and give an' to nutturn."

If the families of drunkards average five persons, it carries untold misery and wretchedness to more than 1,500,000 people, a large portion of whom are children. It costs 200,000 to the slave-house every year.

Dutch cockle is a new essay to wheat. It resembles cockle, springs up with and smother the grain, and is particularly troublesome in North Carolina.

GEO. D. WEAREN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in



**Staple & Fancy
Groceries,
PROVISIONS,
SEED, GRAIN,
Salt, Lime, Cement,
&c., &c.**

HARDWARE

Of Every Description.

—EMBRACING ALL KINDS OF—

Blacksmith Tools and Material!



WAGON AND CARRIAGE MATERIAL.

**Wheels, Spokes, Shafts,
Felloes, Springs, Axles,
Fifth Wheels, Arms, Bolts,
&c., &c.**

Carpenters' Tools.

Builders' Hardware.

Locks, Hinges,

Screws, Bolts.

Nails, etc.



**COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES,
GRATES, MANTELS,
AND TINWARE.**

Roofing and Guttering and
Repairing under the Super-
vision of a Practical
Tinner.

THE WEBSTER WAGON.

In Agricultural Implements, I handle none but those that are the most popular and those that have been thoroughly tested. The Webster Wagon, with the Truss-Axle Attachment, is my Special Favorite. No other Wagon, save one, can claim this one WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT. I have sold about forty of these Wagons in the last ninety days. Broken Axles a thing unknown.



OLIVER CHILLED PLOW.

Sole Agents, in Lincoln County, for the well-known and only genuine Oliver Chilled Plow. Over 150 now in use in Lincoln County and not a farmer displeased that has one of them. Turns more land and draws lighter than any plow made.



MOWERS AND REAPERS.

A large lot of Champion Mowers and Reapers is already contracted for by me for the next season. They will be provided, the coming season, with a reel that will cut any thing ever seen in that line. Over 1000 Champions in Lincoln County prove their superiority and popularity. My favorite in the way of Hay Rakes is the Thomas, which has no equal, if the verdict of the farmer is any proof.

MAYFIELD WATER ELEVATOR.

Last, but not least, I call attention again to the Mayfield Water Elevator—a Water Purifier—can never freeze up; never have seen or heard of one out of repair. The only thing fit for a cistern and equally good for a well.

HARNESS! CHINA!

Buggy Harness,
Wagon Breeding,
Hames, Chains,
Collars, Lines,
Bridles, and
Harness Repairs
of all kinds.

The Largest and
Most Complete
Assortment of
Staple & Fancy China
ever brought
to Stanford.

All I ask is an inspection of my stock before buying elsewhere.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. D. WEAREN.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

It was the last week of the year when, one morning, I read aloud the advertisement—

"WANTED. To buy an antique desk. A liberal price will be paid for one satisfactory in every respect."

"Oh, Lucile!" I cried, "this is your chance. You can now retrieve your fallen fortune." And I tossed the newspaper across the breakfast table.

Lucile read the advertisement eagerly and looked over, with a sigh, to where, between the windows, an old desk, such as the newspaper described, occupied the post of honor.

"I should feel as if I were selling my grandmother's bones," she said, decisively.

"Well," I began, "I don't believe your grandmother would blame you if she knew—"

Here Ruth stopped me with a look, and began telling something that happened in the store that day. Ruth was suddenly in the clock department in one of our great city establishments.

I taught school, and Lucile had been the French instructor in a young ladies' academy. We kept house together, until quite recently, in two rooms, in the third story of a New York house. We had our own furniture and cooked our own meals over a little gas stove.

To girls who had been motherless from childhood and to whom the word "home" was a word with no meaning, such a life was very pleasant.

Lucile was a dark-eyed, graceful, French girl, who had once seen better days, though she was quite reticent, except to us, about it. She was so innocent and beautiful that Ruth and I loved and guarded her as if she had been our younger sister. Ruth was sturdy, independent and New England born, and so true-hearted and brave that we looked up to her in everything and felt safe under her protection.

As for me, I was Lucile, born in the sunny South, with a high temper, but capable of deep feeling, which she said, the war had ruined the fortunes of my family and my life had been full of hardships since.

I do not think three girls could have been more unlike. And yet we lived in a very tranquil, happy life, until a month or two before the evening of which I write, when a cloud had appeared on our horizon.

That night Lucile came home flushed and illigant. It took but little questioning to discover the cause. The assistant principal of the school had lunged Lucile with his attentions, and her studied avoidance of him did not seem to make any difference. He begged her, wrote her notes and sent her flowers till the poor girl was nearly crazy. At last, unable to endure it any longer, she had refused him peremptorily. Two days later she received her dismissal, and that, too, without a recommendation.

"Never mind," said Ruth, encouragingly, "you need rest, and Lucile, I need a house-keeper. This is your home, you know."

The girl's dark eyes filled with tears.

"You are very kind," she sobbed out, "but ah! it is this that makes me think of the old days in France, when Grandmother was alive. We lived in the country, you know, and in such a beautiful little chateau. And the neighbors were so kind, especially those in the next place. Ah! what pleasant days I had," she added, recalling it with a sigh, "playing in the meadows with their son, Henri; and what pretty fides they brought! But then Grandmother lost her fortune, and she was so proud to stay where she was known, and so she came out to America, and died. You know the rest. Oh, you are very kind."

We tried after this to get her another situation, but were unsuccessful. Finally I found out of my scholars who wanted to take French lessons, and this kept up her hopes.

That night after I showed Lucile the advertisement she left the table and went to the desk, passing her hand lovingly over it. It was a quaint, old-fashioned thing, built with different kinds of wood, in the style of the early part of the last century. It had belonged to Lucile's grandmother and to the family before, and was the only relic she possessed of her happy childhood in France.

I knew what her feelings were when I suggested the idea of selling it, but I knew still better that she also needed the money sorely. There was an unpaid doctor's bill that haunted her, and which Ruth and I dare not pay, because of her pride.

The next night was New Year's eve, and when Ruth and I came home the desk was gone. There were traces of tears on Lucile's cheeks, but she made no complaint. We said nothing, but we felt all the evening as if there had been a funeral in our little home.

That evening Lucile was playing low, soft airs on the little upright piano we had rented when a rap on the door startled us. I rose to open it. A tall, handsome young man, with an unmistakable foreign air, stood there. He bowed with high-bred grace, and inquired, with a slight accent, for the young lady who had sold the antique writing desk the day before.

Lucile, who had started at the sound of the voice, came forward. Her dark eyes shone, and the color flushed into the cheeks.

"Henri," she cried. She had extended her hand, but drew it back as instantly, and stood there, blushing and trembling.

The gentleman started, gazed eagerly at her, and then clasped her hands in both of his.

"Lucile! Lucile!" he cried. "Madame, what a pleasure! His eyes shone with delight as he spoke."

Lucile, after a moment, turned to us.

"Oh! girls—only think," she said, "it is Henri, my old playmate! You remember my telling you of the boy who was so kind to me. Often and often we children played in the library, where the old desk stood. Many an hour we have spent puzzling our heads over its quaint old ornaments. Ah! the dear old days—"

She broke down. She could speak no more. The memory of those old days and of all her troubles since she had been left alone in the world, overpowered her. She turned away her head to hide her emotion.

Monsieur Lamont pressed her hand, bowed over it, and kissed it, in his foreign fashion. Then, looking around at us, he told us the rest of the story. How he had come to this country for a few years, to establish a branch business for a Paris firm. How his mother had come with him. How he had purchased and fitted up a house to suit her fancies. How, when his agent had brought him the desk, his mother and he were struck with the resemblance it bore to the one they had seen so often in France.

"We were both sure it was the same," he said, "and he here."

Madame Lamont came, too, the next day. We were not so blind but we could see the little romance, which was unfolding, under our eyes; and we rejoiced that our happy future was to be the fate of our dear girl.

Never did the course of love run smoother. The mother and son were of one mind, and hurried matters as fast as possible.

So it was not many months before Ruth and I were alone, and Lucile was mistress of a beautiful home.

A Quaintest Incident.

At uncertain and distant intervals of time many of the northern parts of Europe, such as Lapland, Norway and Sweden, are subjected to a strange invasion. Hundreds of little dark, mouse-like animals sweep over the land like clouds of locusts changed into quadrupeds, coming from some unknown home, and going to some unknown whither. These creatures are the lemmings, and their sudden appearances are so entirely mysterious that Norwegians look upon them as having been rained from the clouds upon the earth.

Driven onward by some overpowering instinct, these vast hordes travel in a straight line, permitting nothing but a smooth, perpendicular wall or rock to turn them from their course. If they should happen to meet with any living being, they immediately attack, knowing no fear, but only urged by undiminished rage. Any river or lake they swim without hesitation, and rather seem to enjoy the water than to fear it. If a stack or corn rick should stand in their way, they settle the matter by eating their way through it, and will not be turned from their direct course even by fire. The country over which they pass is utterly devastated by them, and it is said that cattle will not touch the grass on which a lemming has trodden.

These migrating hosts are accompanied by clouds of predaceous birds and by many predaceous quadrupeds, which find a continual feast spread for them as long as the lemmings are on their pilgrimage. While they are crossing the rivers and lakes the fish come in for their share of the banquet, and make great havoc among their columns. It is a very remarkable fact that the reindeer is often seen in close of the lemmings, and the Norwegians say that the deer is in the habit of eating them. This statement, however, seems to be rather of a doubtful character. The termination of these extraordinary migrations is the sea, where the survivors of the much-reduced ranks finally perish.

Mr. Lloyd mentions that just before his visit to Werneland the lemmings had overrun the whole country. The primary cause of these strange migrations is generally thought to be hunger. It is fortunate for the country that these razas only occur at rare intervals, a space of some ten or fifteen years generally elapsing between them, as if to fill up the places of those which were drowned or otherwise killed in the preceding migration.

A Chapter of Horrors.

While traveling through Switzerland a few days ago with his wife, a physician, resident of Gratz, witnessed at a small railroad station within the Helvetian frontier, a truly tragic and thrilling episode of domestic life, which he has imparted to the leading journal of his native town.

A young doctor recently appointed to the post of Town Physician in the Swiss town, which became the scene of the tragedy, had for some years past carried on a flirtation with a married lady. Shortly after his appointment, however, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of respectable family, and was just starting upon his wedding trip with his bride when his former mistress appeared in the station, and flung herself down upon the rails as train commenced to move. The engine passed over the body, mauling it horribly, and the bridegroom was summoned in his medical capacity to the spot where the unfortunate woman, whose mutilated remains had been deposited. Unnerved by the terrible sight, he uttered a loud cry and fell upon the platform in a state of insensibility. Some of the bystanders acquainted his bride with the cause of the suicide committed almost before her eyes, whereupon she turned with loathing from the senseless form of her husband, and at once went back to her father's home, leaving Dr. — to the indignation of the crowd assembled in the railroad station. A spirited endeavor was made to lynch him, from which he was rescued with great difficulty by the police and station officials. To complete the horrors of this dismal story, the husband of the unfortunate lady who perished under the wheels of the locomotive went raving mad upon hearing of her awful death, and is at present the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Greaseup Independent: A young man obtained a marriage license the other day to wed the daughter of the wife of his brother. He is now married, and his brother's wife is his sister-in-law and mother-in-law, and will be the grandmother of his children. His wife is the sister-in-law of her own mother and the children of her mother by the present husband are half brothers and sisters, and will be the cousins, and uncles of her children. Won't he be preposterously perplexed to teach the little ones to "tip Female Uncle Sam."

Female Extravagance. — A French peasant talks before the show-case of a photographer and gazes upon a reproduction of Rauch's famous group of "The three Graces."

"Oh, those women—those women," sighs the honest man; "they were too poor to buy a stiel of clothing, but they could find the money to get their pictures taken!"

Hot Water River.

The proposition of the State Tunnel is of the opinion that the hot water which is so troublesome in the Conn stock mines comes from a depth of ten or fifteen thousand feet, where the rocks are at a high temperature; also that there must be some connection between the water of the Conn stock and that of the boiling springs at Steamboat, six or seven miles distant.

One of the great advantages of the tunnel is means it affords for draining the mines. The tunnel discharges about twelve thousand tons of water every twenty-four hours. To lift this water to the surface would cost not less than \$3,000 a day. Some of the water has a temperature of 165° where all the water mingles; but miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130° to 137°.

If left to flow through the open tunnel the water would soon fill the air with steam as to make the tunnel impassable. In flowing the four miles in a tight flume made of 3 in. yellow pine, the water loses but 7° of heat. At the mouth of the tunnel the water is conducted sixty feet down a shaft to a water wheel in the machine shop, whence it is carried off by a tunnel eleven hundred feet in length, which serves as a tail race. From this tunnel the water flows a mile and a half to the Carson River.

The large flow of warm water is now used for many purposes, the first to utilize it having been boys who made small ponds to swim in—pioneers, it may be, in establishing a system of warm baths, which may ultimately become a great sanitary resort. The water can also be turned to account in heating hot houses and for irrigation. The tunnel company have a farm of over a thousand acres which, when properly watered, is very fertile. In course of time there will probably be many acres of fruit and vegetables under glass at this point, all warmed and watered by the tunnel water.

Six Months in a Trance.

The young lady who has been lying in a trance at her mother's residence in Norfolk for the past six months, started those around her last Monday by suddenly recovering the use of her tongue, and to a certain extent the use of her limbs. This wonderful case was mentioned in the Norfolk papers soon after its existence became known, and ever since its beginning there has been, to all appearances, an almost total suspension of vitality in the sleeper. On last Monday morning, however, as the mother was giving some directions in regard to medicine she was startled to hear the daughter say: "It is of no use."

Since that time the young lady, though still weak, and showing no desire to engage in a long conversation, has been able to talk perfectly well. Her attempts to walk, however, are exactly such as would be made by a child, she being only able to take a step or two at a time. She says that, although utterly unable to throw off the state of lethargy that bound her, yet she was thoroughly conscious of everything that was transpiring around her, and can repeat remarks that were made and describe the times when she was moved, although she was to all appearances as lifeless as a log on these occasions. —[Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.]

Always Turns Out Right.

When you begin a sensational novel never weep over the troubles of the heroine. In the very first chapter she may be beheaded by a black-hearted villain and be threatened with instant death on every other page and swallow a pint of strychnine in the middle of the book, but she will come out all right in the last chapter and marry Claude Fitzelance Montmorency, who turns out to be another man's son and falls heir to \$2,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Australia, who went out there a year previous a poor man; and the girl's father, who wanted her to marry the villain, will put his hands on their heads and say, "Bless you, my children; and the villain, who had been looking for his revenge, will be hanged for his crimes." —[Norfolk Herald.]

To Clean Ostrich Plumes.—White ones can be cleaned by taking four ounces of white soap, cut it into small pieces, dissolve in four pints of water, rather hot, and make a lather; then dip the feathers and wash gently with the hands for about ten minutes; rise in hot water and shake until dry. Ostrich tips can be curled by holding them in the steam from water until they are damp, and then drawing each fibre separately over the blade of a blunt knife.

Was Sunday Morn, and Rev. Jones was breakfasting with Gray. Said Jones: "Another bit of steak, as I have to punch to-day." "Guess I'll have to brace up a little, too," said Gray, his eyes all a glaze; and he helped himself to a hunk of meat—"for you know I have to listen."

Makes composition of 4 lbs. of resin, one pint of linseed oil and one ounce of red lead. Apply it first with a brush in the place where the joints of the main house, or for a door or window that leaks, or round chimneys. For mending water cracks tight it is always proved effectual.

THE "OLD HOUSE"

J. T. WARREN & CO. 64 & 66 W. SECOND ST. CINCINNATI.

Foreign and Domestic dried and canned Fruits and Vegetables. Canned, dried and salt Fish. Pickles, Sauces, Oils and Condiments. Soups, stuffs, Baking Powders, ground & whole Spices. Toilet and Laundry Soaps. Seeds, Jellies, Preserves, Fancy Groceries and Grocers' Sundries. Stock unparalleled in the West. SEND FOR OUR "GROCERS' MANUAL."

BOOKS THE MILLION WOMAN MARRIAGE

THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

Medical Advice

OLD AND RELIABLE

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WEEKLY

Courier-Journal.

A Good Paper for all Sections.

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CINCINNATI SOUTHERN R.R.

SUMMER SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT APRIL 27th, 1879.

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The Mystery of the Pyramids.

In a lecture on the Egyptian Pyramids, in New York last week, Prof. J. A. Smith made the following reply to the theories advanced by Prof. Proctor:

"A few years ago," he said, "the Pyramid stood a silent enigma, and no scientist dared to touch it. It stands upon a natural bed of rock 130 feet high, and so far several passages have been discovered in it, but it is probable that there are many more. The real door is 49 feet from the base line, although in the ninth century Al Minnouri, an Arab chief, dug another passage-way. The original passage-way is on the north side, three hundred inches east of the center, which is just the tilt of the axis of the earth. Prof. Proctor says that this is an accident. It is too fine a thing to strike in that way, making the axis of the pyramid just the axis of the earth. The north pole star was the guide in the construction of these passages. You ask why scientific men do not go and investigate these curious facts. There are difficulties standing in the way just as there are in seeking the ark in the ruins of Tara. Prof. Smyth the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, spent many months at the Pyramid, and made investigations which cost him \$80,000 out of his own pocket. No doubt the Government would have taken it up, and made appropriations to send scientific men there. The investigations of Prof. Smyth demanded the attention of the world, but Prof. Proctor rejects his discoveries, although Prof. Smyth is a man of more brains and of greater moral or religious character."

"This building bears the stamp of Divinity upon it. It could not be built today unless it was torn down and raised upon the same spot. Remember it covers 134 acres, rises 484 feet, and contains 5,000,000 tons of heavy stone. It stands in the center of the land surface of the earth, and is the best zero point to determine latitudinal and longitudinal measurements. Prof. Proctor says that it stands in the center of the earth, including America and Australia, which were unknown then. Those who built it knew that it was in the center of the earth's surface, and they put it where they did to bring it under the direct influence of the polar star. Prof. Proctor conjectured that the Pyramid was built by the astronomers of that day to view the stars as they had no telescopes. He said that he would have done the same thing if he had been without a telescope. Prof. Proctor never had dug a hole in the Pyramid, but he has made astronomical observations why were they not carried deeper into the rock instead of being built partly through the superstructure? The Babylonians, who were the great astronomers, nowhere dug a hole in the earth for their observations. If such a thing would have occurred to Prof. Proctor, why should it not have occurred to some millions of men before him? If the pyramid was for astronomical purposes, why was it as much built above the ground as below it? Why was the whole out of which the observations were made closed up? No, the Bible says it was a sign, and a witness, and a pillar, and Isaiah wrote of it in his day that God had set signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, standing to his time. It stands there with Divinity stamped upon it, the marvel of ages past, the wonder of the present."

In conclusion, Dr. Wild said that it is well known that Prof. Proctor is an infidel, and that his inclinations are against any belief of the inspiration of the construction of the Pyramids.

Infinitely People.

The other morning I saw a man go out of a car and shut the door after him. I have traveled very constantly for nearly three years, and this was the first man I ever saw shut the door after him as he went out. He only shut it because I was right behind him, trying to get out with a valise in each hand. When I sat down my valise to open the door I made a few remarks on the general subject of people who would get up in the night to do the wrong thing at the wrong time, but the man was out on the platform and failed to catch the drift of my remark. I was not sorry for this, because the other passengers seemed to enjoy it quite as well by themselves, and the man who called forth this unprovoked address was a forbidding-looking man, as big as a bay wagon and looked as if he would have banged us through the side of a box-car if he had heard what I said. I suppose the people who invariably do the wrong thing at the wrong time are necessary, but they are awfully unpleasant.—[Hurlington Hawkeye.]

A Paris correspondent calls attention to the fact which American ladies seem slow in comprehending, that to do in the fashion now means to be distinctively one's self in dress, and not, as heretofore, a copy of some one else. The change makes it possible for ladies to dress becomingly, which was impossible under the old plan.

Rights of the Road.

A legal authority, in an opinion as to rights of the road, says if a farm deed is bounded by or upon the road, it usually extends to the middle of the roadway. The farmer owns the soil of half the road, and may use the grass, trees, gravel, stones, sand, or anything of value to him, either on the land or beneath its surface, subject only to the superior rights of the public to travel over the road, and that of the highway surveyor to measure materials for the repair of the road; these materials may be carried away and used elsewhere on the road. No other man has a right to feed his cattle there or cut the grass or trees, much less deposit his wood, old carts, wagons or other things there. The owner of a drove of cattle that stops to feed in front of your land, or a drove of pigs which root up the soil, is responsible to you at law, as much as if they did the same thing inside the fence. Nobody's children have a right to pick up the apples under your trees, although the same are wholly outside of your fence. No private person has a right to go or to stop on the limits of your trees in order to move his old barn or other building along the highway, and no traveler can hitch his horse to your trees by the sidewalk, without being liable, if he gnaws the bark or otherwise injures them. If your well stands partly on your land and partly outside the fence, no neighbor can use it, except by your permission. Nay, more, no man has a right to stand in front of your door and insult you with abusive language without being liable to you for trespassing on your land. He has a right to pass and repass in an orderly manner; a right to use the road, but not to abuse it. But, notwithstanding the farmer owns the soil of the road, even he cannot use it for any purpose which interferes with the use of it by the public for travel. He cannot put his pig-pen, wagon, cart, wood, or other things there, if the highway surveyor orders them away as obstructing public travel. If he leaves such things outside the fence and within the limits of the highway, as actually laid out, though some distance from the traveled path, and a traveler runs into them in the night and is injured, the owner is not only liable to him for private damages, but also may be indicted and fined for obstructing a public highway. And if he has a fence or wall along the highway, he must place it all on his land, and not half on the road, as in the case of division fences between neighbors. But as he owns the soil, if the road is discontinued or located elsewhere, the land reverts to him, and he may enclose it to the center and use it as a part of his farm.

Bright Homes.

A single bright home may disquiet a whole family for a whole day. One early glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and dreariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the abode. If it be garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world; will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death, and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of some who come to wear his mantle and fill his place, while on the other hand, from an unhappy misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strife and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

At a certain church.

At a certain church not a thousand miles from Old City, recently, a man with an enthusiastic nature became convinced of the error of his ways and determined to reform. He joined the church, but found it extremely difficult to give up all his bad habits. Among other things he had been an inveterate swearer, and his tongue would persist in slipping quite frequently. One Sunday he went to church, and, being sleepy, began nodding. Finally, he got his case in front of him, and, resting his head on the handle, went to the land of Nod. He was sleeping sweetly and serenely, when some sinful one kicked the one nod, and the newly-converted Christian's head came down on the back of the seat in front of him like a pile driver, causing him to ejaculate, with unnecessary emphasis: "Great God!"

A bright little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she singly observed, "Mama, I think he ought to be killed."

We suspect that there are men in New York who would willingly give \$100,000 for a seat in the New York Stock Exchange, who rarely give a cent towards securing one in the heavenly kingdom.—[Brooklyn Union-Argus.]

Old as You are Able.

A venerable and distinguished physician advised a body of ministers as follows:—

Owe no man more than you are able to pay; and permit no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

A rational application of this advice would divert the credit system of money, if not all, of its objectionable features. Consistent with the first part of the exhortation, young men— and older ones as well—are admonished to be content with a gradual addition to their property of any kind.

If any one has not the money to spare for much, let him confine himself to the little. After a while he can easily venture on another part; and after waiting and earning—on still another and another, either paying as he goes or surely avoiding heavy indebtedness. Do not attempt too much at once. Do what you can afford this time, and put off the other things to another time. Don't try to build too much and too fast.

Don't buy at once all the furniture

you would like to see in your house. Improve and increase your implements and stock by degrees. A little that is paid for is far better than much you owe for. Debt, bankruptcy and distress come often from hardening the present for the sake of the future.

It is easier to pay little debts every

now and then than to pay a large debt at one time. All who have tried them know that large debts are costly and unpleasant things.

Errors of Type and Telegraph.

Lately some one attempted to say that the printer's error was not a correct player. The printer corrected the error by making it that "he was not a correct-player," which is probably true. Another, endeavoring to describe a certain personage as the "great I am" of local matters, found that he was instead "the great I A. M."—a dreadful charge, if somewhat vague. According to a veracious Western paper, one editor was horrified by finding "The Death of an Angel Worm" heading an obituary, instead of the delectable "Death of an Angel Woman." The recently "Truth Seeker" had its name set as "Turtle-Seeker," recently—which was a severe joke for the turtles. Once a paragraph beginning "Miss Dickinson" (meaning the eloquent Anna) appeared with the auspicious start of "The Disbarment," which naturally made the subsequent remarks somewhat confused. But the telegraph makes as amusing blunders as the type. A sentence of Lord Carleton's essay on sermons at a recent Anglican diocesan Conference, was thus dispatched: "The worst-paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the parsimoniousness of a journeyman tailor, and the eloquence of a barrow." For "journeyman tailor" read "Jeremy Taylor," and initial "barrow" with a capital letter, and all is right.

Counterfeit Eggs.

"It is well known that in America everything is counterfeited; the wooden hams and nutmegs sent from the New England States are well remembered. Eggs are now also counterfeited, and this manufacture is carried out on a large scale. On one side of a large room the reporter saw several large copper vessels filled with a thick glutinous yellow mass, which a man was constantly stirring. This was the yellow of the egg—the yolk. On the opposite side were similar vessels, in which the white was fabricated. The egg shells were made of a white substance resembling plaster of Paris, by means of a blowpipe, just as soap bubbles are blown. After being dried in an oven, the egg shells were filled: first with artificial albumen, then with some of the artificial yolk, and lastly with a little of the artificial albumen. The small opening at the end of the egg was closed with white cement; and the greatest achievement of modern civilization, the artificial egg, was ready. In appearance it resembled a natural egg; but whether cooked or raw, it was indigestible and injurious to health."

A Georgian Farmer's Success.

We know a man, now a large farmer, living near Americus, whose record reads like romance. He began life since the war, a poor young man, as a farm hand, working for wages. He has inherited nothing, and has been engaged in no business except farming. He has this year made ninety bales of cotton; has not brought a single bale to market, does not propose to sell a bale before spring, and he is able to hold it. He owns one of the best plantations in Southwest Georgia, and it is his boast that he buys nothing upon which to feed man or beast, except sugar and coffee, but, on the contrary, has something to sell of almost any product of South-east. Last year he made 1,600 gallons of syrup, and this year has sold over 200 pounds of butter. In the face of such facts, how can it be said that farming can't be made to pay.—[Americus (Ga.) Recorder.]

A good reply was given to a brag-

ging Mehanite the other day by a farmer. The Mehanite subject went up to the old farmer and said: "We are going to clean you out, even down to the spittoon." "Yes, by George," replied the old farmer, "and that's all you are fit to clean out!" The spittoon cleaner vanished.—[Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.]

A statistician computes that 2,500,

000 watches and 4,000,000 clocks are annually turned out in different parts of the world.

Some Things to Disbelieve.

When a man advertises for a partner, and wants a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred dollars and promises to him a remuneration of fifty or one hundred per cent, don't believe it. When a man offers to give gold watches or jewelry worth fifty to one hundred dollars for one dollar, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption, and any and all diseases, by merely sending in three-cent stamp to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his utmost to make every one else rich, and looks to other people's interest more than his own, don't believe it. When a man offers to give up something of great value for something of less value—in other words, to give you something for nothing, don't believe it. Many persons advertise on purpose to fish young men of money gained by hard labor, and before entering into any speculation which may be offered you, take advantage of the many means at your command and ascertain the facts with reference to the proposed business before you invest, and thus save your money and assist in effectually breaking up all swindling establishments.

A convict Who Talked.

James M. Steele, convicted of shooting at a man, was before Judge Gains for sentence, at Dallas, Texas, and was asked what he had to say. The following dialogue ensued: Steele—"I am a gentleman, my ancestors were gentlemen, and I did nothing but what any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. You have shown me no justice." The Judge—"Shut up." Steele—"You asked me if I had anything to say, sir, and I have a right to talk—and I am going to do it." The Judge—"I didn't give you permission to talk in that manner. In all my experience as a Judge nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as sentencing you to the penitentiary for seven years." Steele—"Yes, and I hope and pray the curse of Heaven may descend upon you, and that you may be sunk into the hottest pits of hell, and I only hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at some future time."

A Curious Historical Fact.

During the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of these called "whores." The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, leaving her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped. Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a most skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterward Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune was considerable, married her. This marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who afterward became the wife of James II, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

Mixed Items.—A ludicrous trans-

position occurred in the make-up of a couple of telegraphic items in the New Haven Journal and Courier Monday, which produced the following effect: The first item read, "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving three hundred times a minute, exploded in that city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second degree Mason." This was followed by the second item, which read, "John Fadden, the well-known florist and real estate broker of Newport K. I., died in Wardner & Russell's sugar mill at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing \$3,000 damage to the building, and injuring several workmen and Lorenzo Wilcox fatally."

Three cures for the sore throat are

recommended by the New York Times, as follows: 1. Gargle the throat with solution of salt water. 2. Gargle the throat with chlorate of potash and water. 3. Keep a small lump of gum camphor in the mouth and swallow the saliva; do the same with chlorate of potash.

Happiness is a frail plant, which seldom lives long on earth. It springs up when it will; often in quiet, shady nooks and corners, but seldom in cultivated gardens. It often blooms where one would least expect it, and then suddenly and unexpectedly dies.

To ascertain the year in which any Congress closed, double the number of the Congress and add 1,789 to the product.—[Boston Advertiser.] To ascertain the virtues of the present Congress, divide 1879 by itself and abstract one.

If children were taught to say "mother" instead of "mum," the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious mother to rush out and see what was the matter with her darling.—[Hacksack Republican.]

It is said that Indian babies never cry. This is because they are never taken to public entertainments. We believe that an India rubber baby would yell frightfully if it were taken to a place of amusement. They all do it.

An unknown man was killed by the cars at Stratford the other day. The contents of his pockets—sixty cents and a pair of scissors—would indicate that he was connected with journalism.—[Danbury News.]

The two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

In boiling eggs hard put them in boiling water ten minutes and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolks from coloring black.

It would be money in the vest-pocket of some man to invent a trap to catch a train when one's watch is too slow.

Telling His Neighbors Good-bye.

We get the following report from Mr. S. P. Collins, who learned it from the gentleman on whom the robbery was committed: "Mr. Godly, who lives on the Middleburg and Danville pike, in Casey county, shipped a lot of sheep to Cincinnati a short time ago, and sold them for \$100. Just before he started home a man stepped up to Mr. Godly and called him by name, saying that he made his acquaintance in Lexington last Spring, and that he was going out to Lexington on the train and would like to enjoy his (Godly's) company, to which Mr. Godly assented, but remarked that he must go to a book store and buy some books before starting, and the man said he would walk up with him. On their return the man remarked that he must step in and bid his grandmamma good-bye, and invited Mr. Godly to step in, which he did, and as soon as he was indoors, three men arose, closed the door behind him, presented their pistols and demanded his pocket-book. Suffice it to say that Mr. Godly obeyed, and that he will not be detained hereafter for a stranger to bid his grandmamma good-bye.—[Columbia Spectator.]

A SMITH WITH A BLOODY NOSE.

A young man from Rutland attended a seance at Spirit Valley recently. He sat in a circle around a table joined by holding hands in the usual form. The lights were turned down. Presently he felt something like a human hand playfully fondling his ears and nose. He attempted to withdraw his own hands from those of his companions for the purpose of investigating, but failed in his attempt. Finally the "spirit hand" began caressing his knee, and he elevated his foot with so much suddenness as to bring further manifestations to a close. When the lights were turned on it was discovered that the medium was bleeding at the nose, which organ had come in contact with the young man's boot.—[Rutland (Vt.) Herald.]

A NORTHERN LIEBEL ON A CHRIST-

IAN JOURNALIST.—Henry Waterson, of the Courier-Journal, is said to be superstitious, as well as talkative and profane. One night this man was playing poker with his friends in Louisville, and a terrible thunder storm came up. There was a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder, when Waterson jumped up and threw down his hand. "What's the matter?" inquired one of his companions. "I can't stand this," said Waterson. "I've got to go." "What for?" asked his friend. "Why, if the lightning strikes this building and kills us all," said Waterson, "wouldn't I look pretty appearing before the angel Gabriel with a bob-tailed fish?"—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The bracelet slipper has been introduced in Paris. The shoes are cut very low in front and high up on the instep, it is fastened with a finely chiseled real gold bracelet instead of the usual strap. Another expensive novelty in the same line is the Andalusian boot, made of black satin, with laces ruffled down the front seam, and laced with real jewel buttons.

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Telling Even With the P. M. G.

Ever since the late order of the Postmaster-General came out, a certain citizen of Detroit has been pondering on how to get even with the old chap. Yesterday he struck the idea. He entered the Postoffice with a letter, or rather an envelope, containing only blank paper. He wrote the address on the upper left-hand corner, upset the envelope and wrote the town, put the county on the lower corner, and the State where the stamp goes. Then he stuck the stamp in the center of the envelope, and below it requested to have the letter returned to him after ten days.

"It will come back," he explained, "for there is no party there by this name. I'll have to pay three cents for sending it 1,000 miles, but Uncle Sam has got to link his eyes all over this envelope, and then return it free. When this old government gets ahead of me I want to know it."—[Free Press.]

A Railway up the Volcano of Ve-

suvis. The Railway for the ascent of Vesuvius is now finished. It is 900 meters in length, and will enable tourists to ascend by it to the edge of the crater. The line has been constructed with great care upon a solid pavement, and it is believed to be perfectly secure from all incursions of lava. The mode of traction, says the Engineer, is by two steel ropes put in movement by a steam engine at the foot of the cone. The wheels of the carriages are so made as to be free from any danger of leaving the rails, besides which each carriage is furnished with an exceedingly powerful automatic brake, which, should the rope by any chance break, will stop the train almost instantaneously. One of the chief difficulties of the undertaking was the water supply, but that has been obviated by the formation of two very large reservoirs, one at the station, the other near the observatory.

COUSIN'S HELP IT.—I tell you

how it is with me, Mrs. Beazley," said the drowsy neighbor, "when I go to church and get all stirred up and agitated over what a desperate act we are, I feel vexed and put out, to think what a shame it was that Eve didn't mind her own business and not bring such heaps of trouble upon us; but, when I put on a new dress that fits me so nicely I can't find a particle of fault with it, and a hat that makes every woman I meet feel as though she hadn't a friend in the world, then I will own up that I do feel downright glad that Eve was full of fruit, and can't help it."

The editor of the Union (Team) Herald combines business with his obituary work in the following pleasing manner: "She was placed in the graveyard at Shady Grove Sunday evening on the 18th, four and a half miles from the city, and we are under obligations to Mr. Mays for a carriage to and from the burial. Mr. Mays is keeping a boarding house in the city and deserves great patronage."

Kentucky has had her own ups and downs, but, on the whole, has made substantial relative progress. Beginning at fourteen, in 1800, although then but a Territory, she rose in 1800 to ninth in the sisterhood of States; in 1810 to seventh, and in 1820 to sixth, which rank she held in 1830 and 1840. But she fell off in 1850 to eighth; in 1860 to tenth, and in 1870 rose to eighth.

A young man eloped with an Illinois girl, and abandoned her at Hays City, Kan., giving her a draft for \$100, and advised her to return home, as he was going to Texas. She met with some delay in getting money for the draft, but as soon as possible she bought a horse, a revolver, and some provisions, and started after the fugitive. Interesting news is expected from her.

The katydid does her singing with her legs. Now if the young union who sits behind you at the concert and hums the tenor softly, were compelled to do all his singing by rubbing the soles of his feet together, how happy you would be. And he! O, he would sing about as well as he does now, and the musical world wouldn't miss him at all.—[Hawkeye.]

We should be truly thankful that the day of the lightning rod man has gone by; that the hook agent is frozen in for the winter; that the fruit tree peddler is plucked till spring, and that peanuts are plenty and cheap.

"Healthy place here?" asked a visitor, who was prospecting in the neighborhood of Denver, Col. "Yes, stranger," was the reply. "Ten years ago we had to kill two men to get the Cemetery going."

They met, "was on the street— 'Oh, such a home!' thought the one. The other thought, 'What else?'"

Together talk— And kissed each other's cheeks and cheeks.

He looked at her as she said, did he, He tried to be all adjusted, He declined to surrender, you see, And in a year he married.

No woman should ever give a plump "No!" to an offer of marriage. Hold on to even a poor one and use it for bait.

It must have been in the green cherry reason that Tennyson wrote:—"From our waist places comes a cry."

THIRD DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST. Rev. J. M. Davis, Pastor. Services on second and fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon, Sunday School at 9 A. M. R. L. Harris, Superintendent.

CHURCHMAN.—Worship by the congregation, every Lord's day, from 10 to 12 A. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. J. H. Harris, Superintendent.

PREBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—No Pastor. 1st on Sunday School at 9 A. M. John W. Hunt, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednesday nights.

PREBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. R. Davis, Pastor, preaches on second and fourth Sundays, morning and night.

HOTELS.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,
STANFORD KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.
OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 25th, 1878

FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.
Special Accommodations Afforded Commercial Travelers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

MYERS HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop'r.

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation.

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, One Year, \$1.00
Harper's Weekly, " " 4.00
The three above named publications, 1 Year, 10.00
Any two above named, 1 Year, 7.00
Harper's Young People, 1 Year, 1.50

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Annual Volume of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense, (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume) for \$1.00. A complete set, comprising twelve volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of \$12.50 per volume, freight at expense of purchaser. Cash orders for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postage on receipt of \$1 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to be sent by this method without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1880.

Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

This popular periodical is a journal for the household. Every number furnishes the latest information in regard to fashions in dress and ornament, the newest and most approved patterns for dresses, aprons, shawls, etc., and also the latest and most reliable recipes for cooking, baking, and preserving. It is a valuable household companion, and is sent by mail, postage on receipt of \$1 each.

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HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

LOCAL NOTICES.

New stock of pocket knives at Chemnitz & Penney's.

Privateers' prescriptions are now being compounded at Chemnitz & Penney's.

Three chickens and chickens of all sorts and varieties for sale cheap, at Davis & Sweeney's.

A New Sewing Machine can be purchased at a bargain by applying to Miss Mary Logan, Stanford, Ky.

The remainder of our Holiday Stock is now offered low at the Chemnitz & Penney's for New Year's.

J. H. & S. H. BARNES have just received a splendid new lot of Ladies' and Children's shoes, made by Ziegler, Ross, and are authorized to warrant every pair.

WANTED: A good school, male or female, eight years experience. Sufficient references. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, M. H. Hughes, Stanford, Ky.

Who has not been annoyed by a cough in church? It may come from the remotest corner in the rear, but it is a terrible nuisance to the throat, creeps down the throat and causes a cough, a cold, a sore throat, a hoarse voice, a loss of voice, a loss of sleep, a loss of appetite, a loss of health, a loss of money, a loss of life.

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LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Sheriff S. H. Baughman has purchased of Capt. T. O. Moore the chestnut sorrel horse, Wayneburg, for \$75.

—From July 1 to December 13, Richmond, Va., shipped to foreign ports 89,961 barrels of flour, valued at \$619,333.

—Dr. T. H. Montgomery sold this week to Murphy & Beasley a thoroughbred bull calf, six Sic Knightly, dam, Pink Rose, for \$50.

—Wm. E. Evans sold, last week, to Kennard & Ferguson, sixty-five head of cattle averaging 1,584 lbs., at \$4.50 per cent—[Huntsville Advertiser.]

—A. H. Root, of this city, sold to Levi Hutchison, of Harard, a bunch of extra yearlings, averaging 1053, at 4 cents. They were yearlings and hard to beat.

—Commissioner W. G. Welch sold the farm of John Frye, on the 10th, to J. J. McKinney for \$20 per acre. It was situated on Carpenter's Creek and contained 250 acres.

—WINDMILLER COURT. About 1,000 cattle on the market, some better than usual. Best cattle brought \$1 per cent; good, 1,100 to 1,200 pounds brought \$1.60 to \$1.80 per cent; yearlings, fair quality, \$2.75 to \$3.25, one extra heavy selling at \$4.50 per cent.

—Lincolnville cattle are quoted at \$3 to \$4 for good to extra shipping, \$3 to \$4 for best

liners and 2 to 3 for thin to good. They are still lower, the prices being \$1.10 and \$1.35 for choice; mixed to good \$1.10 and \$1.25. The sheep market is unchanged.

Tom Adams returned last Friday night from Winchester, 8 C., where he had been some time with stock. He sold 36 head of horses and mules. Horses brought \$800 to \$200 per head; mules \$350 to \$450. He reports the market very good. [Winchester Sun.]

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